THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.—No. 6. Whole No. 58.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. The Tickler shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning, Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, in advance. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

FOR SALE,

No. 48, *Market-street,*

IN THE

Lottery for Useful Arts.

THE subscriber, having only a few Tickets left unsold, any person wishing to make their Fortune, may be supplied with a ticket, at the low price of 1 dollar and fifty cents, by

Jesse Sharpless.

N. B. All the HIGH PRIZES are yet in the wheel, the chance great. Jan. 11

WAX FIGURES.

Mechanical and Invisible Lady,

Really worthy the attention of the curious,

TO BE SEEN,

*At No.*48, *Market-street, a few doors below Second*

Opposite the Jersey Market.

Jan. 11

FOR SALE,

AT THIS OFFICE, A FEW COPIES OF THE

National Songster.

Containing a collection of the most modern and admired patriotic, sentimental, anacreontic, comic, any masonic songs, original and selected.

Feb. 15.

Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

FROM LA LANTERNE MAGIQUE,

a spirited New-Orleans print.

The opinion of the world, I mean of that high minded part of the community, which gives the tone to public sentiment and feeling, is a powerful corrector of the morals and manners of the age: and many a vice which the laws have failed to reach, or could not adequately punish, has shrunk from the reproof of honest, independent, and virtuous minds.

This noble instrument of moral justice, like the *fasces* and *sceures* of the Romans, whilst it lashes the follies and foibles of the human race, descends with a fatal edge upon their crimes and enormities. Even the feverish bed of guilt, though impervious to the light of conscience, protected by the great, as it sometimes is, and sheltered by political rewards, and military honors, has thus been laid open to the execration of mankind.

But in this 'our beloved country,' the Eden of the world! into which vice has not yet entered, and where wisdom holds an undivided empire, such language I fear is obscure, and almost unintelligible. Hereafter it may be better understood. *Nunc nominabitur, olim intelligitur.* For the day, however remote the period, may come, when even the 'freest & most enlightened nation on the earth' may owe its liberties to a manly expression of the public mind; to the firm and united voice of an indignant and exasperated people. When but for this, notwithstanding our public roads, and navigable canals; the unviolated correspondence of our citizens; the regularity of our mails; the almost acknowledged right to think as we please, and our undoubted privilege to speak as our lords and masters dictate; our total ignorance of state secrets, and state cabals; our superfluous treasure, and protected commerce; our dependent statesmen, and independent measures; our disciplined irregulars, and single masted navy; our taxed literature, and untaxed ignorance; our indirect power, and direct imbecility; our nominal virtue, freedom, and patriotism; our vices without number, and not to be named but with a blush for the unexampled depravity into which we have fallen; our tobacco generals, and heroes of Carter's mountain; when in one word, notwithstanding the enlightened policy, which in 'the full tide of *retrogade* experiment,' has brought us to the verge of ruin, we may stand in need of the salutary correction of a reproving people; when but for 'the throb of public sentiment,' felt in the pulse of every member of the community who guards his freedom as his life, and shuns dishonor more than death; when wherein not for this our ultimate, but I hope all competent security, we might behold the ocean retiring from our shores, our cities silent, desolate and empty, the savage reclaiming his hereditary forests, a scattered, inert and broken hearted race, famished with hunger, naked, and a meagre prey to pestilence—the loathsome consequence of famine—our fertile and now well cultivated fields sinking into a gloomy marsh—arts, industry and civilization; all that tends to cherish, adorn, and uphold society, involved in one promiscuous ruin; the awful monument of a cowardly theory, triumphant over practical wisdom, and the experience of ages.

I shall therefore make no apology for stating the opinion of the world upon some important subjects. For the present I content myself with transcribing the following just observation, which is expressed in the most elegant and forcible terms:

'The progress of arbitrary power is commonly slow at first, and imperceptible to all but the vigilant, like the creeping of a tyger at night in a brake; and it behoves us, by all decent means, to guard posterity against that ultimate spring, from which nothing less than the doubtful horrors of a civil war might be able to protect them.'

TOLMETES.

MATRIMONIAL ADVICE.

The following is an original letter from a lady to one of her theatrical female friends, who asked her, how she liked her change of situation:

My dear ——, no doubt you are interested in the question, by asking me so soon my opinion of *Matrimony*. It would be *Love's Labour Lost*, indeed, if I disliked it in the *Honey Moon*. If you continue such a prude as to retain your old opinion of *Marriage a la Mode*, and still consider it as *foolish*, I would advise you by all means to catch the *Folly as it Flies*, provided you hit upon some sober spark who has sown his *Wild Oats*. *Trial's All* you know; however, if upon *Review*, you should not like the state, why you may cause *The Devil to Pay* in the *School for Scandal*, and of course, the result of your *Wedding Day* will then form a very pretty *Winter's Tale*. Thus at all events, like a fashionable woman, you will *Raise the Wind*. Do not *Wonder* at trifling, for you know *Laugh when you can* has ever been my maxim. But to be serious, follow my advice, in *Three Weeks after Marriage* speak of it *As you like it*, and if you are disappointed, call me a *Country Girl*, *Too friendly by half*. With such charms as you possess, I know all you want is *The Will*. Once married, you may, quite in the fashion, act as you choose; and if your spouse proves a *Provoked Husband*, you may take your own *Revenge*, and make him a *Suspicious* one. If now, notwithstanding all I have said, you remain obstinate and single, perhaps, in nine months hence, as *Time's a Tell Tale*, I may produce an additional inducement.

Adieu, your's, &c. D.

MECHANICS' SONG,

By Absalom Aimwell, Esq.

I.

Ye merry Mechanics come join in my song,
And let the brisk chorus come bounding along;
Tho' some may be poor and some rich there may be,
And yet all are contented and happy and free.

II.

Ye Taylors of ancient and noble renown,
Who clothe all the people in country and town;
Remember that Adam your father and head,
Tho' lord of the world was a taylor by trade.

III.

Ye Masons! who work in stone, mortar & brick,
And lay the foundations, deep, solid and thick;
Tho' hard be your labour, yet lasting your fame,
Both Egypt and China your wonders proclaim.

IV.

Ye Smiths! who forge tools for all trades here below,
You have nothing to fear, while you smite & you blow;
All things you may conquer, so happy your lot;
If you're careful to *strike while the iron is hot.*

V.

Ye Shoe-makers! nobly from ages long past,
Have defended your rights with *awl* to the *last*;
And Coblers all merry, not only stop holes,
But work night and day for the good of our *soals.*]

VI.

Ye Cabinet-makers! brave workers in wood,
As you work for the ladies, your work must be good;
And Joiners and Carpenters far off and near,
Stick close to your trades and you've nothing to fear.

VII.

Ye Hatters! who oft with hands not very fair,
Fix hats on a block, for a blockhead to wear;
Tho' charity cover a sin now and then,
You cover the heads and the sins of all men.

VIII.

Ye Coach-makers! must not by *tax* be controul'd,
But ship off your coaches and fetch us home gold;
The roll of your coach made *Copernicus* reel,
And fancy the world to turn round like a wheel.

IX.

Ye Carders and Spinners, and Weavers attend,
And take the advice of *poor Richard* your friend;
Stick close to your looms your wheels and your cards,
And you never need fear of the times being hard.

X.

Ye Printers! who give us our learning and news,
And impartially print for *Turks, Christians and Jews,*
Let your favorite toast ever sound thro' the streets,
The freedom of the Press and a *volume in sheets.*

XI.

Ye Coopers! who rattle with *driver* and *adz,*
And lecture each day upon hoops and on heads;
The famous old ballad of *love in a tub,*
You may sing to the tune of your rub a dub dub.

XII.

Ye Ship-builders, Riggers and Makers of sails!
Already the new consitution prevails!
And soon you shall see o'er the proud swelling tide,
The ships of Columbia triumphantly ride.

XIII.

Each Tradesman turn out with his *tool* in his hand,
To cherish the arts and to *people* the land;
Each 'Prentice and Journeyman join in my song,
And let the brisk chorus come bounding along.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 22.

A FACT.

....

One of our imported seventy-sixers, while conversing the other day with a true son of old Nathan Meanwell, on the dignified stand made by the legislatures of Massachusetts and Connecticut, vauntingly said, 'we *whigs* have every thing in readiness, and only wait for marching orders to reduce the d——d Yankees to a sense of their duty.' 'Why, Mister what's your name,' replied the yankee captain, 'I think you are in a small error, I don't believe you have got every thing in readiness?' 'By the Hill O'Hoath,' thundered out our modern revolutionist, 'what do you mean?' 'Why,' rejoined the yankee, 'folks in our country don't always bury their dead enemies in *coffins*, and I suppose you have not thought your coffin a necessary part of your equipage; but if you ever go to New-England on a hostile errand, I advise you to carry your coffins along, if you wish to have decent funerals.'

ODE TO VALENTINE'S DAY.

Now from the east, with golden ray,
Bright Phoebus wakes to hail the day,
And gild the sphere around;
The glist'ning dew from vallies rise,
Ting'd with the brightness of the skies,
Bespangles all the ground.

The warbling throng, from spray to spray,
Invoke this happy jocund day
With harmony divine;
They swell their little downy throats,
And thrill melodious cheerful notes,
This morn of Valentine.

Forth from the turf, with flutt'ring wings,
High soars the Lark, and sweetly sings,
The vales in concert join;
With tales of love his song is fraught,
Which gains the fair he'd often sought,
His blooming Valentine,

The jolly swains of every grove
Who feel the tender passion, love,
No more are seen to pine;
Each to his favorite of the vale,
Successful breathes his tender tale,
And gains a Valentine.

Phillis, just left her peaceful cot.
Blithe Colin meets, 'O happy lot!'
He cries, 'she'll sure be mine.'
With graceful look, her eyes impart
The soft sensations of her heart,
She yields his Valentine.

What are the pleasures of the great,
Compar'd with their blest rural state,
On whom all joys do shine!
Haste, Emma, then their bliss to share,
I'll guard you with a shepherd's care,
And be thy Valentine.

What says my Love? O sweet reply!
She can't the faithful swain deny,
Nor his request decline;
She vows thro' flow'ry meads to rove,
To tend his flock if he will prove
Her dearest Valentine.

Yes, my beloved, my peerless maid,
Possess'd of charms that ne'er will fade,
I'd all the world resign:
Its splendid courts, its pomp, its store,
And all its titles, honors, pow'r,
To be thy Valentine.

O day of bliss! let earth rejoice,
With harmony in every voice,
Begin ye tuneful nine;
In softest numbers hail the fair,
The blithe, the gay, the debonair,
Emma my, Valentine.

Now blest with her, no more I'll range,
Nor e'er such matchless beauties change,
For one our hearts we'll twine:
Thro' ev'ry vale, by ev'ry stream,
Emma shall ever be my theme,
My beauteous Valentine.

To love, to innocence and mirth,
Which give divine contentment birth,
Our days we will incline;
In pure affection's path we'll stray,
Till Death, the tyrant calls away
Me or my Valentine.

Pretended Heroes of Seventy Six.

The real soldier who served his country faithfully, and fought her battles manfully, must now yield to the pretensions of the sham soldiers of our revolution. We particularly allude to some of our most vociferous democrats, who were militia officers at that time, and who now speak of Brandywine and Germantown battles with as much exultation, as though they had adopted Bobadil's plans and actually killed their twenty men a day. But softly, good sirs; some few surviving officers of the Pennsylvania line recollect but too well, what quantum of bravery you evinced at both these places. You probably were within *hearing*, nay, perhaps within *seeing* distance; but you very prudently never ventured within HITTING distance. The militia were not regularly engaged in either of the above battles——because they ran away at the first fire. So much for the services of some of our major Sturgeons.

We have a pretty accurate knowledge of the men composing the democratic party, & can discover among them but three officers of the Pennsylvania line—Captain (now General) John Steele, capt. Samuel Smith, both brave and meritorious officers, and Jonas Simonds, alias *Paunch*, who took especial care to keep in garrison, or on the *recruiting* service.

Mike Leib too comes in for a share of merit on the score of revolutionary service. And well he may; for he was a member of the *barefoot company*, and particularly distinguished himself by his activity in catering for the Hessian count Donop's table.

But as for *colonel* Duane's revolutionary services, we can say nothing about them, because the modest fellow has never condescended to tell the world that he ever performed any. He has his merits though, and Mr. Jefferson has rewarded him with a lieut. colonel's commission.

Alexander M'Carraher,

Of Germantown, a REVOLUTIONARY soldier, from the banks of the Shannon, has been appointed by the King of Ignorance, to be auctioneer of horses, carriages, &c. vice John Tomlinson, dismissed. We hope Alek will make a better auctioneer, than his countryman Walters did a wood corder. Walters, at first, sold hickory for gum and oak; we hope M'Carraher will not sell horses for Jackasses.

Our old friend Mathew Carey has recently popt his head into a beautiful brown scratch wig, that has vastly improved his appearance. We tender Mathew our compliments on his discovering the secret by which Medea converted Jason's old daddy into a young man.

That model of politeness George Rutter, is becoming quite civilized. On the evening of Wednesday, the 15th inst. he officiated as groomsman, at the wedding of young Smith, son of Abraham Smith, a very *reputable* citizen; and after the conclusion of the ceremony, and a few oblations to Bacchus, Rutter very gallantly escorted a couple of young ladies to their homes.

TORY.

It is difficult to conceive what is meant by this word, since there never were two distinctions as those of WHIG and TORY, that ever bore so many different significations, or were of so mutable a nature. The word Tory hath not only been often made use of to imply sentiments at different times, directly opposite, but even when it has given the name to a party, that same party hath been so divided in its principles, that men who have borne the same title, have been of quite different opinions.

'Is he capable? Is he Honest?'

....

The King of Ignorance, Solomon Snyder, has seized every occasion to express his admiration of Mr. Jefferson's policy; and indeed his general character for sycophancy, even to the petty demagogues of the many headed sovereign, had led us to hope, that in his appointments he would, in some small degree, have been influenced by Jefferson's sentiments—but like governor, like president; Tom said many fine things, but realized very few. Simon adopts his sentiments and practice; this is strikingly exemplified in the appointment of FREDERICK PIPER, of the Northern Liberties, to be Inspector of Bark. This is the same Frederick Piper, who in his capacity of Guardian of the Poor, purchased a quantity of wood for the use of the Alms-house, and then very patriotically culled the best of it for his own use. But perhaps Snyder thought this transaction was a proof of his capability, and that a good judge of wood would make an excellent inspector of Bark.

To such a height has the penchant for office arisen, among the democrats, that the attainment of the most insignificant place is deemed an object of vast importance. On Friday last the elections for constables in the several wards of the city came on, and afforded some of our disappointed office hunters, who had failed in their attempts to soar in the rays of executive patronage, a golden opportunity of appealing to the people, to attest their merit, by electing them to the DIGNIFIED station of a *constable*.

In Lower Delaware ward the democrats evinced their devotion to the French Emperor, by styling their ticket 'the *BONAPARTE TICKET.*'

As a large portion of the democratic electors of North Mulberry ward are faithfully reflected in the person & conduct of their constable, it is not a matter of surprise to us, that *such a fellow* as George Rutter should be re-elected.

In New Market ward, the very focus of democratic virulence, they assembled in a tumultuous manner; put the constable, whose duty it is to open the election, out of doors; sent for the overseers of the poor to open the poll, and then proceeded with all the *regularity* of a Paris mob. One of the most conspicuous characters among them, was a certain DAVID MILLER, now clerk of the Second-street market, and who, about three months since purchased a quantity of new rope, for about one fourth of its real value, from a parcel of apprentice boys, *who had stolen it from their masters*. Upon enquiry he denied all knowledge of the rope; but upon the master's claiming a particular parcel, he acknowledged how he had came by it—begged him to say nothing about it, as he had just received his appointment as a clerk of the market, which he would probably lose, if the transaction was made known, and actually paid the master the full value of the rope. And yet this same Davy Miller wishes to be thought a very religious man---frequently partakes of the most solemn ritual in the christian religion, and generally demeans himself in such a manner, as to induce many people to believe that

He would hang his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

John Armstrong, one of the city commissioners; John Steel, the common councilman, who now stands indicted for illegal conduct at the last autumnal ward election; and fat-headed Dick Palmer, son of the old cake woman, and now a Just-ass of the peace in Irishtown, were very active fomenters of this scene of confusion. What excuse Palmer can offer for thus impertinently, if not illegally interfering in an election, entirely out of his district, we neither know nor care; but Dick is a fair mark, and if we do not TICKLE him till he roars, let the world write us down for as great an ass, as is his worship.

American Dispensary.

Doctor Dyott

HAS the honor most respectfully to acquaint the public, that he has established a

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

No. 116,

NORTH SECOND-STREET, the 2d door above Race-street, PHILADELPHIA,

Where they can be supplied with Drugs & Medicines, warranted genuine, and prepared agreeable to the Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

Persons requiring medical aid, will find in Dr. Dyott that skill and stubborn integrity combined, which distinguishes his character; his perfect scientific knowledge, united with many years extensive practice in the City of London, enables him to do justice to the afflicted in a manner very uncommon.

MERCURY,

though of itself a noble medicine, the indiscriminate and unqualified use thereof among mankind, has been productive of infinite mischief: our present limits forbid attempting an enumeration of evils arising from the abuse of Mercury, suffice to say, they are numerous, grievous and destructive to the finest functions of nature. Doctor Dyott, having long witnessed the ravages committed on the human structure, as consequences resulting from a certain disease, through its being neglected or improperly treated; it has claimed and obtained his particular attention. It is a melancholy truth that the indulgence in this solitary vice brings on those deficiencies and debilities which frequently prevent and embitter the matrimonial state; and imposes by anticipation upon its unhappy victims all the impurities of old age. To such persons it must be a consoling reflection to know that they may now, by a new and infallible mode of treatment, be restored to health, strength and manly vigour. This public notice is given in order to snatch those that are or may be afflicted with that disease from the hands of Quacks and unskilful pretenders; and to direct them where they will receive the most tender treatment, and have a cure performed in a short time, at a very small expence.

Persons having contracted the venereal complaint, are admonished not to tamper with their constitutions, but do justice to their conscience, and meet every advantage by making early application to *DOCTOR DYOTT*, who may be consulted by patients of either sex, with the greatest delicacy, secrecy and honor. The apartments are detached for separate consultation, and in order to afford every convenience and facility to patients, attendance will be given till ten o'clock in the evening.

March 22, 1804.

Executive Sagacity.

The King of Ignorance was presented with No. 56 of the Tickler, by major Ogle, and that passage pointed out to him, in which we stated that he had been complimented with a barrel of nice oysters, by one of the applicants for office, who now, in consequence of his failure, wishes the oysters, shells, barrel and all, were lodged in his *bread-basket*. Simon felt himself vastly tickled, and 'grinned horribly a ghastly smile;' but the term *bread-basket* was too profound for his capacity; and he would probably have forever remained ignorant of the meaning of that *beautiful* metaphor, had not beer-drinking Billy Binder explained the mystic term, by informing '*his excellency*' that it meant his stomach.

The Player & his Wife.

Player. Indeed, my dear, I shall no longer suffer such proceedings; you are continually gadding about without my knowledge or consent. I am determined to turn over a new leaf.

Wife. AS YOU LIKE IT.

Player. I am resolved to explore your haunts, and learn to whom I am indebted for your inattention to a husband.

Wife. FATAL CURIOSITY.

Player. I shall certainly discover your intrigues, & then I shall no longer be that tame animal I have been; what sort of a husband would you expect to find me afterwards?

Wife. The PROVOKED HUSBAND.

Player. And what do you think would be the consequence of such a detection?

Wife. The DEVIL TO PAY.

Player. I have been an easy fool, not suspecting you of any criminality; now my jealousy is roused, madam, and you will find me a lion in defence of my honor.

Wife. EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Player. Why am I thus treated? why am I thus neglected?

Wife. *All for Love.*

Player. Do you mean to make a cuckold of me?

Wife. SUCH THINGS ARE.

Player. Could I discover the rascal who has robbed me of my peace, by estranging your affections from me, I would pursue him for Crim. Con. and never quit him until I had lodged him in a prison.

Wife. The WAY TO KEEP HIM.

Player. What hinders you from being more explicit to me on this subject?

Wife. FALSE DELICACY.

Player. Did I not once detect you at Hendon, in company with a would-be Rambo? and was not your head amorously reclined against his bosom? what in the devil's name do you call this?

Wife. LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

Player. What can induce me to forget such barefaced insults?

Wife. LETHE.

Player. Have I not taken you from amongst the lowest of the canaille, and raised you to a comfortable, nay, an enviable situation? What was you when I condescended to make a wife of you?

Wife. A MISS IN HER TEENS.

Player. Did not I marry you without a groat—say, what dowry did you bring with you?

Wife. The DRUMMER.

Player. These short answers offend me; I think myself entitled to very different treatment from you; this insolence is not to be borne.

Wife. MUCH A-DO ABOUT NOTHING.

Player. Is this the return I have merited for my extreme partiality in your favour? Was not I so enamoured with you, that I threatened to blow out my brains if you refused me your hand in wedlock?

Wife. A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

Player. Come, my dear Sally, let us kiss and be friends. I see that you are uneasy at these remonstrances, and I cannot bear to see thee vexed.

Wife. TOO CIVIL BY HALF.

FROM THE VISITOR,

A literary paper of considerable merit, recently commenced at Richmond.

Delineation of a Squeeze.*

The evening came, the tapers glow'd,
When soon appear'd a motley croud;
But where, to tell, my sullen muse
Does pertinaciously refuse,
Yet, unreserv'd, does she relate
That, in a square of twenty feet,
Were parsons, lawyers, and physicians,
Merchants, tradesmen, and tacticians;
Statesmen, shallow and profound,
Wits, and amateurs of sound;
Widows, wives, and these among,
A host of spinsters, old and young.
And as various as their classes
Were their tastes; for, lo! the lasses,
And the lads, their station took
In the least enlightened nook;
Whence---a thirst for themes to quiz—
Some ey'd each odd costume and phiz,
And often season'd conversation,
With a spice of defamation;
Which though anon, some thought too bitter,
They always join'd the general titter:
This sport, however, some took no part in,
But talk'd of modes and juggler MARTIN.

Aloof too sat a silent pair,
Abstracted from all worldly care,
Yet mark'd with something like distress,
For they devoted were to Chess.
But in the midst two sons of Mammon,
A *duo* rattled at Backgammon.
Near whom more rude and greedy too,
Were seated six at dollar loo;
And four grave wights, to grace the list,
Sat wrapp'd in eighteen penny whist;
Whilst round the harp, behind the door,
Stood crotchet-mongers near a score.

Thus plac'd, a concert soon began,
Capricio, and thus it ran,
'See! from ocean' '*quatre ace*'
'Bright flames the orb, *lord what a face!*'
'Tis said she tipples; from yon grove
'The varied songs shall, '*move sir, move*'
'Virginia,' 'quick ma'am,' 'chace away.'
'The board is rich, come play, play, play.'
'Tho' from ocean rising, bright'
'Martin shone methinks last night'
'The orb of day' 'he's very clever'
'Ah! not' 'did you see him ever?'
Not yet Virginia' 'mark us three'
'Do not delay' 'te-he-te-he.'
'Yet awhile' 'I'll check your king'
'Hence a—' 'well, sir, take your swing'
'O lud! I'm loo'd, pray lend me seven'
'Ma'am' 'I obey' 'that makes eleven'
'Yes, go, yes' 'no only nine'
'Hence away' 'the hit is mine.'

Now tea went round this modern Babel,
Then ev'ry nook and every table
Was occupied as before,
And soon began the same uproar,
Which lasted till the hour of ten,
When wives and widows---maids and men,
All smiling at each other, parted,
But few went home happy hearted;
For who---save those who sack'd the pence,
Could relish such a breach of sense.

PASQUIN.

* A modern term for a *Rout*.

For the TICKLER.

FRIEND TOBY,

Thy bold designs, thy wit and rhymes,
Since Shakespeare times, there's none to match'em,
Both fun and truth, 'bout age and youth,
Are told forsooth, by *Toby Scratch'em.*

Impartial still, to good or ill,
His ready quill, can quite dispatch'em;
Whether his lays, censure or praise,
The world still gaze, at *Toby Scratch'em.*

To bark and bite, some take delight,
And others fight, till *Toby* catch'em;
Who firmly shows, both friends and foes,
Instead of blows, his quill will scratch'em.

Now *Toby* boy, I give you joy,
Of your employ, for tales, you hatch'em,
With subtle pen, you tickle men,
With it again, you sorely scratch'em.

But *Toby* dear, I sometimes fear,
You *luff* too near, the wind for sailing:
Hard up, and steer, more full; no near,
For you I fear, possess your failing.

FROM THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

The Man with a huge nose.

In Imitation of the manner of Sterne.

My uncle Toby, one cold December evening, sat smoking his pipe by the fire, involved in deep reverie, when Corporal Trim entered. Please your honor, said the Corporal, slowly approaching. My uncle Toby made no reply. There is a biting air abroad, your honour. My uncle Toby spoke not. Shall I help your honour to a cup of sack, continued the Corporal, raising his voice. Still my uncle Toby was silent. I have seen the man with the huge nose, said Trim. My uncle Toby dropped his pipe. I have seen the man with the large nose, continued the Corporal; the man whom your honour heard so much of in Strasburgh, with the sattin crimson breeches. The same who was seen by the centinel & the bandy-legged trumpeter, Trim? The same. My uncle Toby arose. I dreamt that I saw that man last night, Trim, continued my uncle Toby, just as he entered the gates of Strasburgh, holding a scimitar before his nose. Heaven defend his nose, exclaimed the Corporal. Let no man do it any harm, echoed my uncle Toby. Heaven defend it from the finger of the bandy-legged trumpeter, continued the Corporal. And from those of the hostess of the inn, continued my uncle Toby. May his crimson satin breeches escape all danger, exclaimed the Corporal. May they escape all pollution echoed my uncle Toby. May the hands of the trumpeter's wife never lay hold upon them, continued Trim. Nor of the hostess of the inn, continued my uncle Toby. He has a noble nose, please your honor, said Trim—the bandy-legged trumpeter swore it was as long as his trumpet, and that it made a noise as loud—the bandy-legged trumpeter's wife swore it was a *sweet nose*, and as soft as a flute—oh, it is a noble nose, your honour. Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, I should like to see that nose. You shall see it, please his majesty, exclaimed the Corporal, I will fetch it to your honour. Forget not Trim, replied my uncle, to bring the man along with his nose. Trim disappeared, and my uncle Toby he walked the room, agitated and silent. The clock had struck eight, when Trim returned with a nose in his hand, followed by an elegant young stranger. Here, your honor, said Trim, is the man, and here is the nose. My uncle Toby was silent, gazing on the stranger. Before him stood the figure of a man of twenty-five, tall, and of a martial air. He was arrayed in a military habit, and wore a small scimitar on his thigh. His countenance was manly and noble, but over cast with a shade of melancholy sadness. As he cast on my uncle Toby a look from his dark brown eyes, a big tear rolled from his cheek. Gallant stranger, I have seen you before, said my Uncle Toby. You have, said the stranger, and fell on one knee. I have seen you before, and I know you now, said my uncle, while he fell on his neck and wept. Ask him, please your honour, quoth Trim, why he wore this huge nose---and what has become of his crimson-satin breeches---if they have escaped the fingers of the bandy-legged trumpeter's wife, and those of the hostess of the inn. Hold thy peace, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, while he wiped his eyes, we will hear that by & by. Trim? Your honour, answered Trim. Trim, continued my uncle, in a mournful voice...Here I am, answered the Corporal...Trim, continued my uncle, still more mournful. God bless your honour, said Trim, letting fall the waxen nose. Mend that fire, Trim, & bring me another pipe, ended my uncle Toby.

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I.

New Theatre.

MRS. WOOD'S BENEFIT,

Wednesday Evening, March 22,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

a celebrated Tragedy, (by Shakespeare) in 5 acts, called

Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo, for this night only,	Mr. Wood
Paris	Mr. Downie
Capulet	Mr. Warren
Mercutio, this night only,	Mr. Jefferson
Benvolio	Mr. Miller
Tibalt	Mr. Cross
Friar Lawrence	Mr. M'Kenzie
Friar John	Mr. Charnock
Apothecary	Mr. Wilmot
Peter	Mr. Blissett
Montague	Mr. Briers
Balthazar	Mr. Durang
Page	Master Jefferson,
Juliet	Mrs. Wood
Lady Capulet	Mrs. Morris
Nurse,	Mrs. Francis

In act 1st

A MASQUERADE.

Act 5th,

A Funeral Procession & Solemn Dirge.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A Melo-drame, (not acted this season) in 2 acts, called

A Tale of Mystery.

Bonamo	Mr. Warren
Romaldi	Mr. M'Kenzie
Francisco	Mr. Jefferson
Stephano	Mr. Cone
Montano	Mr. Cross
Michelli	Mr. Blissett
Malvoglio,	Mr. Miller
Pierro	Mr. Bray
Exempt	Mr. Durang
Gardener	Mr. Sanderson
Selina	Mrs. Wood
Fiametta	Mrs. Melmoth

In act first,

A Characteristic Dance.

On Friday, a comedy, in 5 acts, called

First Love,

with the new melo-drame of

The Lady of the Rock,

for the benefit of Mrs. Green.

Mr. Bray's benefit will be on Saturday next.

From the New York American Citizen.

LETTER

From a *GREAT MAN*, in New-York, to a *GREAT MAN* in Philadelphia.*

Dear Colonel,

You reproach me for not answering your last letter. I plead guilty to the charge of neglect, and throw myself upon your mercy. I have so much work upon hand that I can scarcely snatch time enough to swallow my allowance, and eating you know is a very important point with me. Till lately I did not know the luxury of a good dinner. 'I now fare sumptuously every day' thanks to my head piece for all the fine things I enjoy; you know you always called me 'CUNNING LITTLE ISAAC,' and cunning I have been as you shall perceive bye and bye—t'was you my dear colonel who first advised me to try my fortune in New-York; you know how strictly you charged me to pursue fall your instructions and not to deviate from them even to the ninth part of a musquetoe's knee buckle; I have attended to all you said; Mahomet never adhered more closely to his text than I have done. I came to New-York, a Turk in politics, a federal Turk I mean. 'Twas you, sir, who was pleased to bestow upon me the compliment of being 'a young and *honorable* federalist.' I am now a young and *very honorable* Republican—even great men you know must bend to circumstances, and instances are not wanting to prove how much has been gained by it. I am myself a *fat* example of this policy—God knows that not long since I was as lean and as pale as tripe; now I begin to look like a full blooded horse in high condition; a short *heat* a short time since scarcely left me as much breath as would fill a pipe stem, but now can go round the course a dozen times and have breath enough left to fill the sails of a 74. You have been appointed a Colonel; for your sake I am glad of it, but you must excuse me if I rally you a little about it. Don Quixote you know engaged wind-mills, & thought them giants. Although the Don was a great goose, yet the Spaniard had courage and fought like Bonaparte, but in a different way; Bony fights to slay, the Don fought to preserve; the former 'goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour;' but the infatuated knight travelled through mud and rain, storm and tempest, to succour fair women, and for the vindication of character; the Don's exploits will therefore 'tell best in history.' But to the point. I am to set you down then as one of the great men whose swords are hereafter to avenge the wrongs done our country. But by my Nuisance I swear, I should like to meet you in battle. Were I sure of meeting you I would take care to have myself well supplied with red paint and the victory over you would be a bloodless one on my part: all that I should have to do would be to throw a little of it upon your clothes and the jig would be up. You know I always scolded you for not having pluck enough, & I tremble lest you would still be in want of it; but I flatter myself that you will now become more than a Bonaparte in courage. I should like to see you in your new uniform; you must doubtless cut a SHINING figure—but a truce to all this till the next time we meet: two greater men never met in Venice than we shall soon be in Philadelphia—you in your REGIMENTALS and I with a *bonnet* made of the state printing act; 'so we apples swim.' But colonel I fear you will then rally me in turn for you know my habit of standing frequently upon one leg, and if I should chance to stand so in your presence with my bonnet on I know you would not spare me—curse on my old schoolmaster for teaching me such an habit—the devil take him for it—I fear I shall never leave it off as long as I live—If I am a dunce I don't like to let every body know it, but still for all I have my share of mother's wit about me, and am 'a cunning little Isaac' enough in the WIG-wam, and among the WHIG-boys which I manage—I wish I could look a little more *savage*, for we shall soon have hot work in this city—but with the tuition of some of my dear friends from whom I am daily taking lessons, I hope soon to become as fierce as a cat tied to a drum. The following is a faithful extract from my log-book, which I know you will read with much pleasure. I have been so often out of my *reckoning*, as the sailors say, that I am obliged to be particular. You will perceive that I have *read* over—*marked* well & *inwardly digested* all your wise *instructions*, and by so doing I have made a devilish good port after a storm. 'If after every storm comes such a calm may the winds blow till they crack their cheeks,' *and be d—d* to 'em. You see, colonel that like the sailor too I can swear a little—but as Diodorus says SWEARING and LYING is all the *go*, I hope you will forgive me. But now for the extract, here it goes.

'Left Philadelphia two o'clock in the morning—*same day, as Solomon says*, arrived in New-York—Solomon was a wise man and so is Johnny Lang—Johnny's the boy to slay the *democratic* rats—ay, he kills thirty thousand of them at a time and thinks nothing of it—Devilish fine fellow this Johnny Lang—must be introduced to him—he won't object to this—a very worthy and *honorable* young federalist like me must be welcome every where—Billy said so—I had his word for it and will keep him to it—looked about New-York—saw all the fine sights—great houses and little houses just like Philadelphia—big hogs and little hogs just like Philadelphia—in short, New-York's just like Philadelphia—Went to and fro like a ship without a rudder—sometimes to the larboard, sometimes to the starboard side—head winds all the time—thinks I this won't do—began to grow hungry—Billy's dollars almost gone—paid one shilling in the Bowery to shoot at a turkey—missed him—sorry for it—I like turkeys—this was a fat one just like pork—a negro killed him—paid two shillings for the rump part and gizzard—made soup for my supper—next morning fried a part for my breakfast—made a pye for my dinner—and finished all that was left at my supper—great bargain for two shillings—old Elves couldn't have done better—shall go again in the Bowery and buy turkey—no business offers yet—saw a ship in distress—boarded her—proved to be the *Daily Advertiser* under jury masts—bid for her—knocked down to me for a *song*—the *only* thing I paid for her—Bayard the old captain is rich enough—does'nt want money as much as I do—has a big farm in *Jarsey* as old Hobart used to say—let him till it and raise corn and small meats—better than printing—clever fellow—outwitted him—cunning little Isaac yet—my new establishment no better than a broken down race horse—all galled and wind broken—spavined and wall eyed—bad enough—the *shiners* dont come in—will sell out again—put it up—got some bidders—its going gentleman says I—give me a bid—its yours says I to Stephen Cullen Carpenter—done says he and out jumpt the *yellow boys*—here my lad says Stephen, will you go snacks with me—you shall have a fourth part of the profits and act as my foreman—done says I, agreed says he, and at it I went pell mell—got my types ready—engaged my *devils* once more—made a *devilish* business of it—blackguarded Jefferson at no small rate—I hate the democrats—will demolish them all—Solomon was right when he killed such rats—they eat the house that Johnny built—quarrelled with Carpenter—would'nt pay me enough—He claimed types and I claimed types—swore they were mine—he swore t'other way, and at it we went—called in *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*—soon settled the harsh—both got black eyes—didn't care about that—I called him *rascal*—he called me *knave*—words never break heads—once more adrift—went again to the Bowery—saw no turkeys there—out of season I suppose—never mind—a Scotch herring will do as well—wont cost but two pence—money is money, and I'll hammer out all my dollars—make them large—country folks like big dollars—give more clams for them—I like clams for a change—this day bought an old tough cock, made soup of him—became charitable—lent him to twelve of my poor neighbors—all made soup of him—tender enough now—roast him to-morrow—bake him next day—and make soup the day following—a cheap cock this—will always buy tough cocks—by far the cheapest—money now begins to grow scarce with me—let me see, two crowns, one half crown, three cents, and one half cent—little enough this—must look about me—to starve or not to starve is now the question—soon determined that starving was a bad business—held a council with skin and bones—both approved of my decision—wrote to Billy for instructions—received an answer—murder will out—lost it in a segar shop in Broadway—fell among the Clintonians—Billy says I must turn democrat——the best business that's a going——attack Cheetham and those Philistines the Clintons——go to Martling's——look big, hold up my head——never stand upon one leg—sound round——begin with the Livingston's first——did so——found how the land lay——all the quids joined me in cursing Cheetham and the Clintons——sure of the quids——a good beginning——crack'd politics with the demo's——railed against the quids, when I was sure they were out of hearing——swaggered away at a Hell of a rate——who's that says one, who's that say's another, and all concluded that I must be a true chip of the block——I really talked as if I was in right earnest——put on a sanctified face, and then put off as occasion suited——called for some of 'Brom's oysters——swore they were excellent—never saw finer ——got 'Brom on my side—good fellow——I like 'Brom——went next night——he's again here says one——let's talk to him says another——I d——d the feds, protested that they were all knaves...doubted Cheetham's integrity——spoke against Englishmen——cunning enough this——wanted to hit the John Bull of an editor——pelted this rock of Gibraltar well——all took——down it went——talked about an Evening Paper, and of double refined republicanism—swore Cheetham's democrary was bad—mine was better——and the thing took——all went on swimmingly——left off eating oysters, said they disagreed with me——had to husband my money——grew quite lean——carcase quite out of order——bowels in a state of insurrection——the rebels all up and in arms——all the four winds cutting capers through my open ribs—no time to be lost—spoke again of an evening paper—said I'd be the Editor—all the quids glad of it—all subscribed, and good many of the demos. Blue spirits and grey spirits, white spirits and black spirits——soon flocked to my standard—became the only true mussel-man—swore by Mahomet that Cheetham should adopt the true faith or I'd carry fire, faggot and sword into the rebel's camp. The Presidential question—this is my hobby—that's over to be sure—never mind that—to give it up would be giving up soul and body—I flourish best in foul weather—the tempest suits me—a calm just now would sink me—Cheetham and Clinton—Clinton and Cheetham have put money in my pocket—I live by blackguarding them—would blackguard Jefferson to-morrow, as I did aforetime, if 'twould give me the SHINERS—have plenty of tools thank God to work with—Doughhead is my darling—does all dirty jobs I reserve for him—works all day and all night for me—wants an office—is patient as an ass—carries all my burthens—sweats a good deal—rubs it off—sweats again—devilish tough—just like my old chanticleer—Cheetham boils, bakes and roasts him—all to no purpose—the fellow cant feel—I'm glad on't—suits me to a hair—I fire red hot balls at Cheetham—can't demolish him—Tuny shoots too—wont do—John Bull roars now and then; gets mad—has already tossed five hundred of us into the air—never mind—come down again—send for Dr. Torbert—cures us all—and at him we go again—stick to it Bobby says I—take state printing from Cheetham—give it to me—that's your sort—said so in Tammany Society—all joined me—said so in Whig Club—(Tammany over again)—all joined me—got petition—sent them to Albany; committee came back: looked blue enough—wont do yet—havn't blackguarded Cheetham and the Clintons enough—I'll at them in a new way—pelt them harder; drive them to the devil; but they die hard; hope they wont hold out much longer; denounce them every day; good band on my side: real jacobin—two inches for a dollar—four for two—and up to the hilt for three—these are the boys for me—none of your chicken hearted fellows—a great scheme on hand—Anthony—Crolius—Haff—Humbert—Romayne——Buckmaster—M'Clure and the like must be on the assembly ticket—Rutgers must head it and Mitchel must tail it—can't do without such timber—shall have but few votes without them—get our ticket in—and away goes Cheetham to old England—a rough passage to him—short allowance—don't care how little—too fat already—cunning little Isaac—after all—I'm your sort—t'will do——t'will do.

I am dear colonel,
Your most obedient, most humble
And most obliged servant,
QUIDDY NUISANCE.

* Supposed to be from Jacob Franks, NOMINAL editor of the Public Advertiser, alias PUBLIC NUISANCE, to colonel Straddlepole.

A TOUCH OF THE MARVELLOUS,

but truth notwithstanding.

Captain Walker's company of United States riflemen marched from this town on Monday evening last; they are destined to New-Orleans, via Norfolk; all the other United States troops sailed from thence the first of this month. Capt. Walker is the bearer of a large petrified *LAND TURTLE*, which he brought from Washington county in this state; every part attached to this piece of petrifaction is as natural as life; even the head appears to have been in a state of 'dignified retirement' when the animal underwent transmutation. Capt. W. we believe intends leaving this phenomenon at Monticello as he passes it. Mr. Jefferson would perhaps, conceive that a present of that kind at this period, would be intended as an emblem of the times.

[*Staunton Censor.*]

The rebellion of Pennsylvania against the United States, headed by the governor, and abetted by the legislature, has not come to an issue. The KING of IGNORANCE, Solomon Snyder, has appointed Michael Bright quondam biscuit-baker, but now a brigadier general in the militia, and a member of our senate, to protect the persons of the representatives of David Rittenhouse, deceased, against the execution of the mandamus about to be issued from the Supreme Court of the United S. Should any attempt be made by the marshal or his deputy, to execute the process, we do not doubt but that Gen. Bright, quite in the way of his old trade, will regale them with a plentiful treat of warm *crackers*.

MORALITY.

TO DIE!—Ah, solemn scene, yet sure nature recoils at the gloomy thought, and fain would pass it over. The tyrant may forget the object of his revenge; the parent her smiling offspring, and a man his GOD: but death remembers man must die. Our lot remains unchanged, our doom is fixed. Earthly splendor is no exemption from his shafts; youth, beauty and health, to-morrow 'food for worms.' The tender ties of earth cannot prolong our stay; the tear of parental fondness or conjugal affection avail not; the tide of life spent, we must depart to worlds unknown. The pillow of disease is the moment for reflection; we then cast a retrospective eye on time past; the improprieties of our conduct form an assemblage of accusers, we bid them not welcome; the intruders fix on our minds, and torture our departing spirits. View this picture, ye giddy triflers, ye fashionable libertines, cease to mock omnipotence. In the last dread conflict friends may wish in vain; nature's struggle lost. Death is conqueror still—Reflect!

Published every Wednesday morning

BY GEORGE HELMBOLD,

No. 131, south Front-street.